

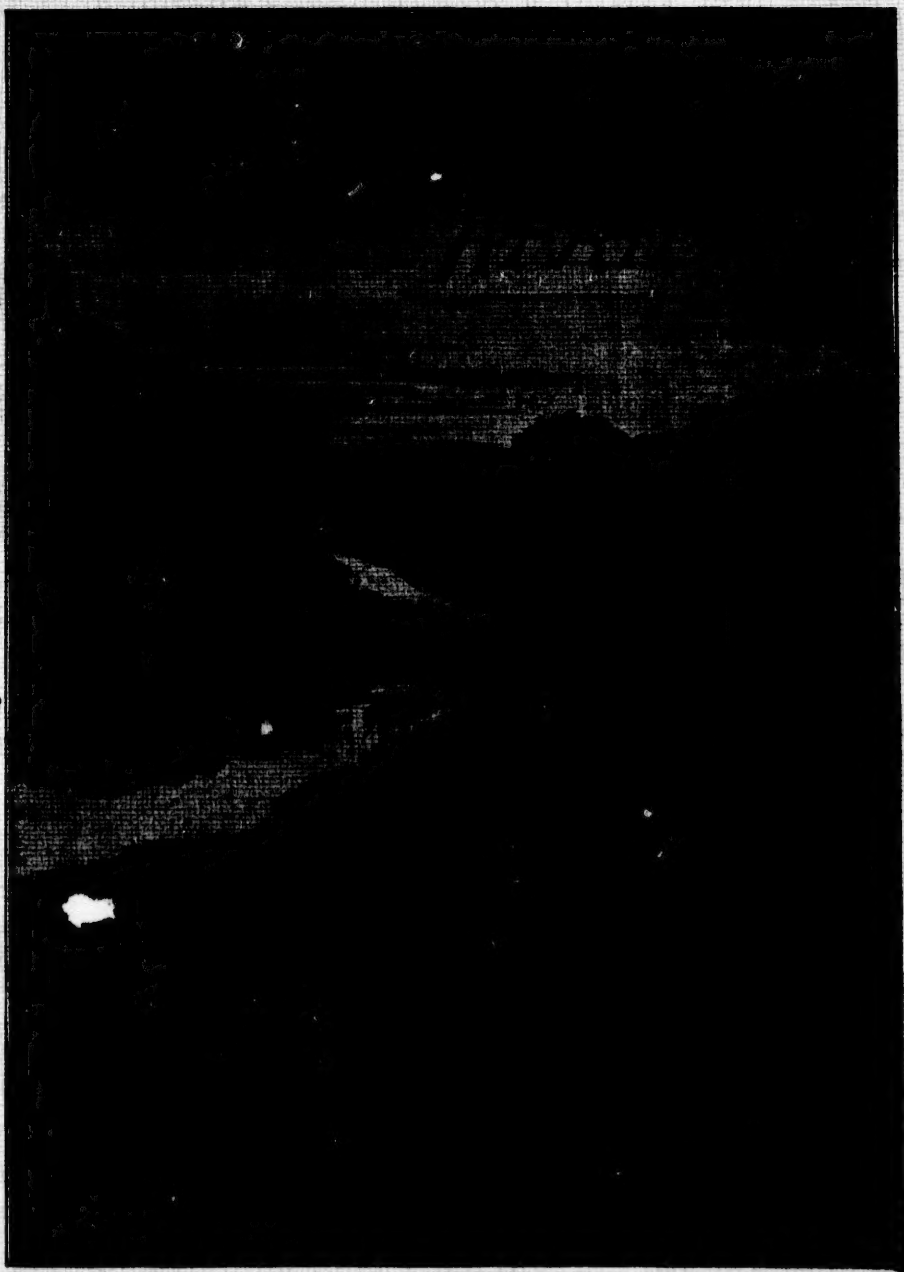
SALLE GAGNON

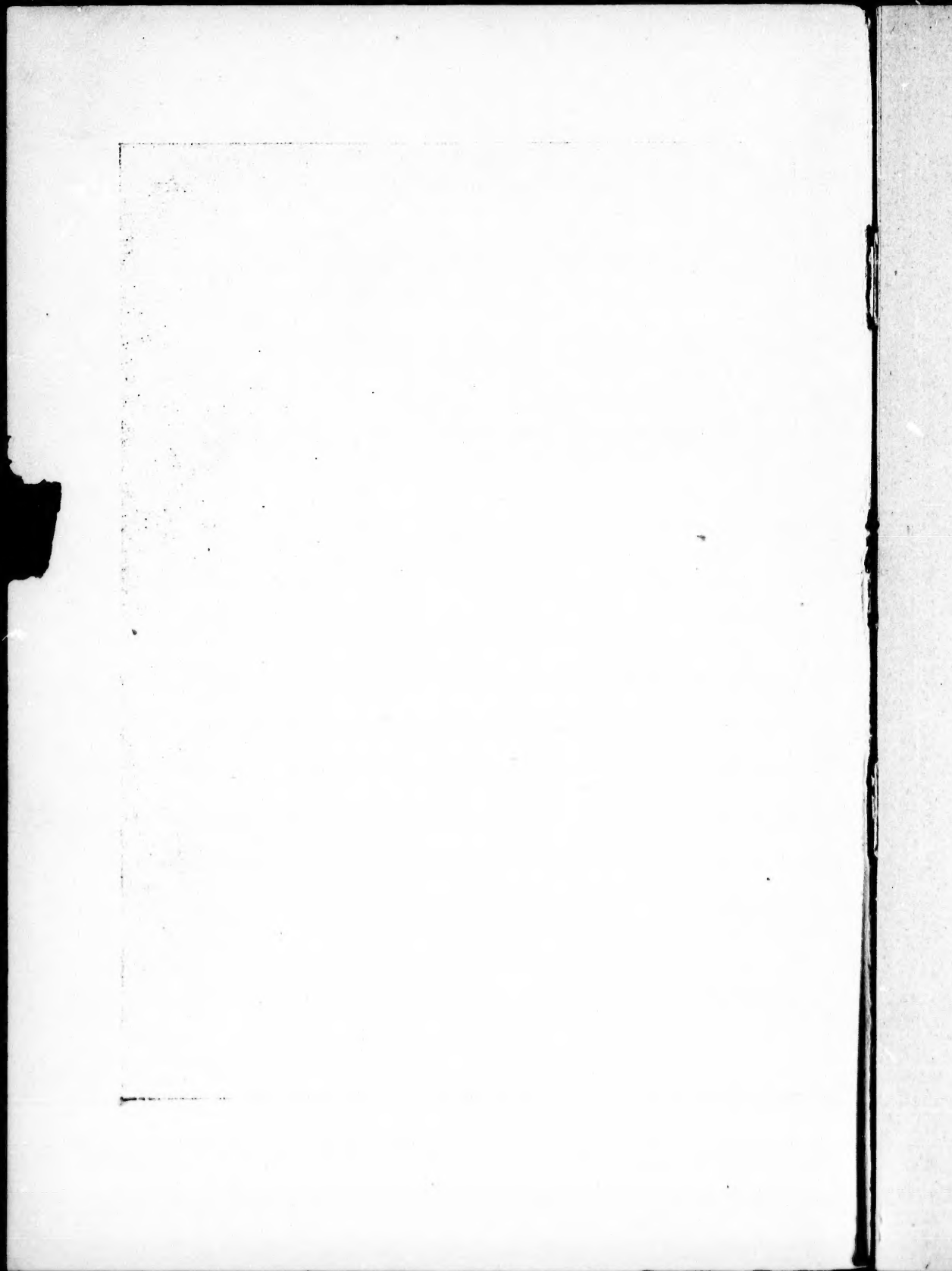


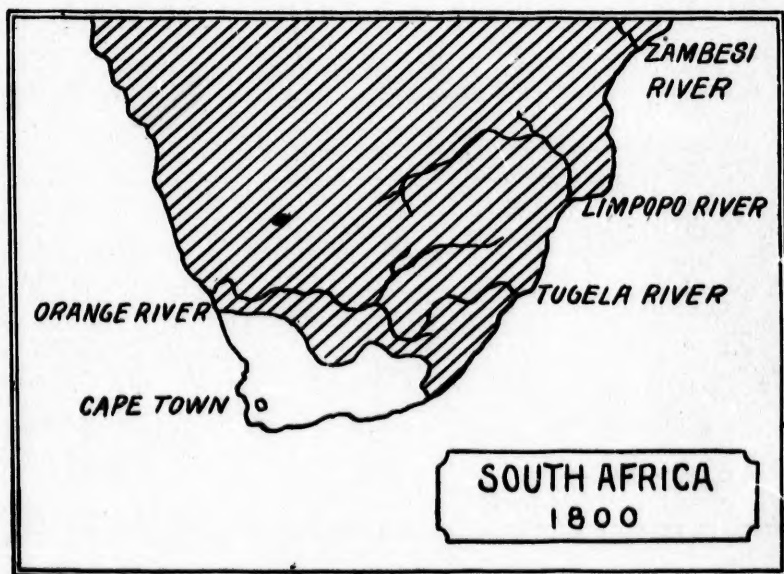
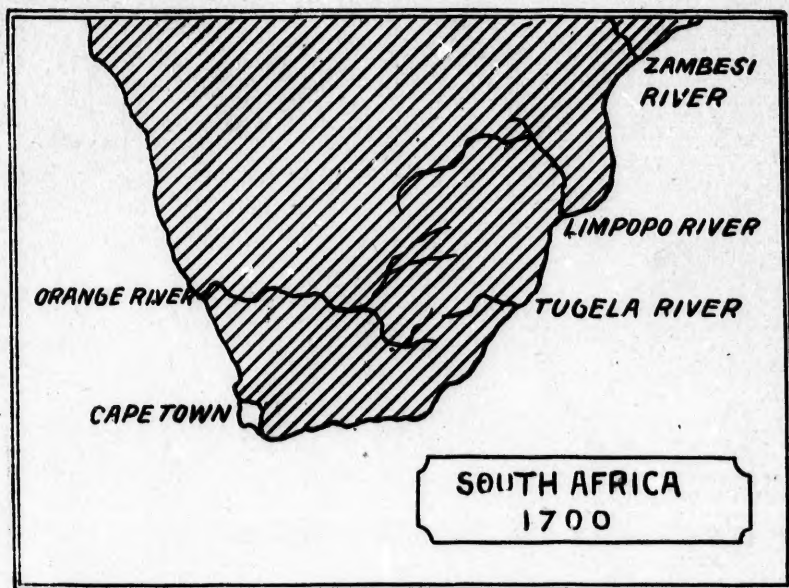
967

W793sn

3-3-1-10M-10-48-581 **118275**

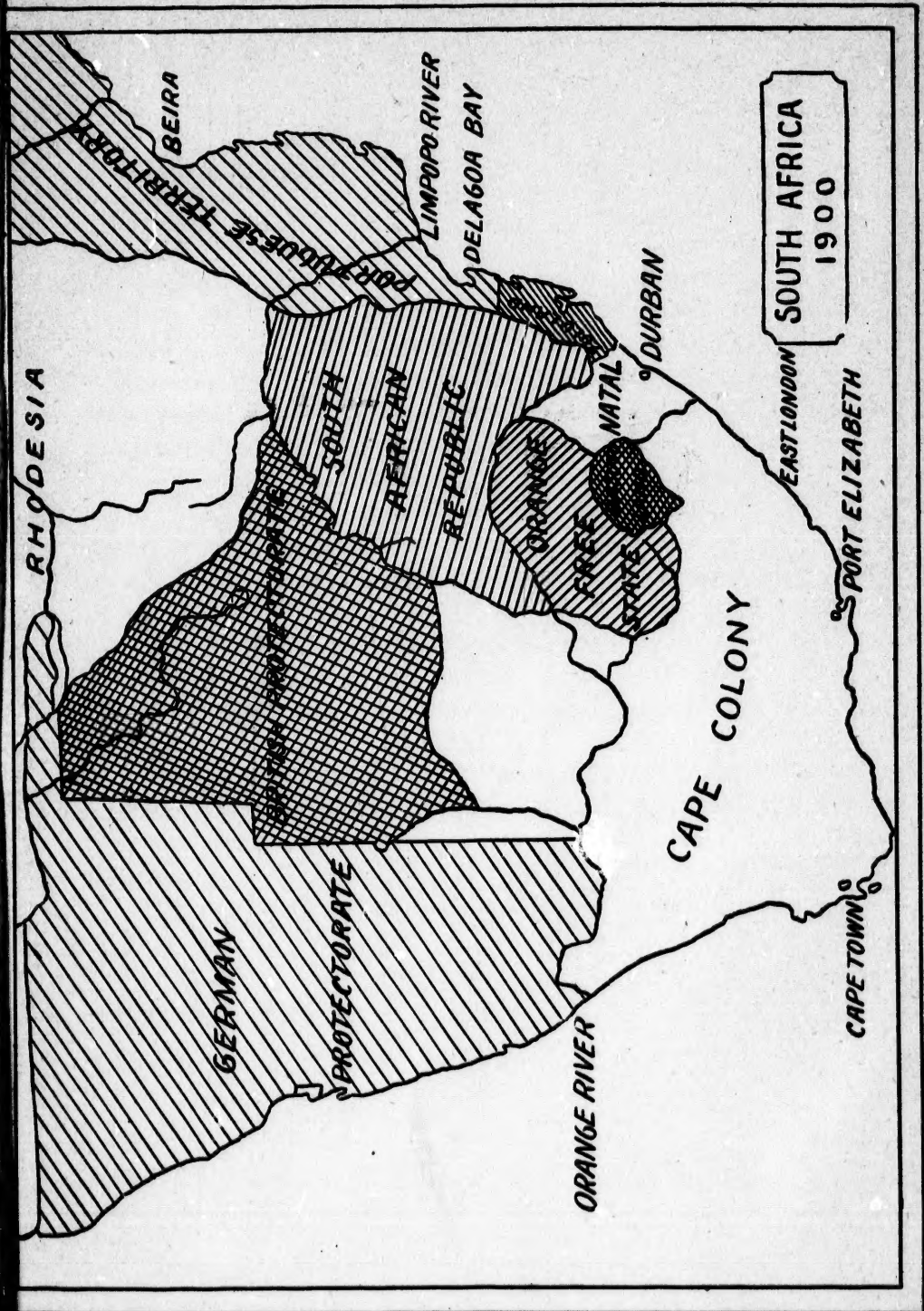






118275

RHODESIA



PREFATORY NOTE.

By request of certain residents the following brief résumé of South African history was written and delivered as a lecture to a rural audience (Quebec Province). It next ran through the columns of the *Montreal Star* (weekly edition) as a serial. Its appearance now as a pamphlet is owing to the desire of some of those who had heard or read it to possess it in compact form.

To originality, depth, or anything of that sort it makes no claim. In fact, the utmost merit which it hopes may be allowed it by an indulgent public is this, namely: that for the busy man, farmer, mechanic, or otherwise, who, with not much either of time or taste for reading, is yet anxious for an insight into the subject, it may fill a want.

Although pressed to amplify the concluding pages, I have decided to leave them as originally written. South African History from the Raid on is altogether too recent for summing up, so I have not attempted the task.

In conclusion I wish to express my gratitude to the editor and publisher of the *Weekly Star*, who have most kindly given me the type ready set up for printing, thereby saving nearly the whole cost of production.

The cover design and maps are the work of my friend, Mr. E. D. Grant.

COMO, April, 1900.

Entered according to Act of Parliament in the year one thousand
nineteen hundred, by GILBERT WINTLE, in the office of the Minister of
Agriculture and Statistics, at Ottawa.

H
In
Our
power
Jeru
the
those
Good
such
estab
coast
daga
land
color
so
glim
galle
the
and
grea
five,
that
them
must
Sido
to F
the
far-a
long
origi

TH
TH
time
thir
Eng
poin
aliv
Fran
nor

A SHORT HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA.

In old, almost prehistoric, days, before Our Lord, before Rome became a world power, perhaps while Solomon reigned at Jerusalem, but more probably earlier still, the Phoenicians, the great sea people of those ancient times, rounded the Cape of Good Hope, and, if antiquarian evidence, such as relics and ruins, go for anything, established permanent colonies on the east coast of Africa, opposite the island of Madagascar, and pushed their dominion inland as far as what is now the British colony of Rhodesia. There is something so wonderful and picturesque in this glimpse of old world adventure, of the row galleys, tracking away, westward first, then, the Mediterranean left behind, southwards, and always southwards, into the awful, great, unknown; of their voyages, taking five, six, and even ten years to complete, that one would willingly linger on the theme. But the world went on, and so must we. Phoenicia gave place to Tyre and Sidon, Tyre and Sidon to Carthage, Carthage to Rome, and Rome to the dark days of the earlier European middle ages. These far-away old Phoenician settlements had long been abandoned, flooded by the aboriginal negro races, swamped, forgotten.

THE RE-DISCOVERY OF THE EAST.

The time of Europe's darkness was the time of Eastern enlightenment. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, while English seamen coasted fearfully from point to point, the seas of the Orient were alive with Arab fleets, while England, France and Germany were plunged in ignorance, poverty and lawlessness, China

and India were seats of mighty empires, homes of literature and learning, and boasted highly organized civilizations; so that stories of their wealth and wonders came filtering westward, to Byzantium, Venice, and Moscow, and thence, little by little, retold and commented on at many a baronial banquet, in many a snug monastic parlour, at Flemish fairs and English firesides—and losing nothing, we may be sure, in the telling—westward still, over all astonished, and now slowly awakening Europe.

It was in search of these Indies, with their fabulous wealth, that, towards the close of the fifteenth century, when Henry VII. was king of England, two expeditions left Portugal and Spain. That from Portugal, under Diaz, sailed south and east, along the African coast; rounded the Cape, then, emaciated by scurvy, and decimated by disease, returned. Diaz did not reach the Indies; but he could at least report that he had found the way.

Incidentally I may mention that the other expedition, the one that left Spain, was equally unsuccessful in reaching the Indies. It sailed westward and was stopped by land; the land was the double continent of North and South America; the expedition, I should perhaps explain, was commanded by a gentleman called Columbus.

Now, if not all Europe, all Spain and Portugal sat up and rubbed their eyes; now both eastward and westward alike, lay new opened roads to riches and glory. To avoid confusion, the Pope of that time gave the Western New World to Spain, the Eastern to Portugal. To modern ideas this may seem a rather high-handed proceeding; but

it was the way things were done then. Nor did these rather arbitrarily created heirs at law delay to put themselves in possession of their estates. From now on expeditions began to be fitted out and set sail from both countries, to discover, to conquer, to annex. With those from Spain we are not here concerned; the next Portuguese navigator to follow Diaz was the famous Admiral Vasco de Gama. More successful than Diaz, he not only rounded the Cape, but coasted up South East Africa, established a small station at a place called Melinda, then struck across to India, and reached it. Thus, at the close of the fifteenth century, just four hundred years ago, began what was soon to be—for a time—the great Portuguese Eastern Empire.

We will now pass over one hundred and fifty years to the middle of the seventeenth century; and, since dates in figures are apt to fail in conveying a concrete idea to the mind of the listener, we will note that at this time Cavaliers and Roundheads are fighting in England, and Cromwell has not yet taken the title of Lord Protector. It is a big jump from Henry VII. to the Commonwealth, let us see what has happened in the East.

THE DUTCH APPEAR.

To begin with, Portugal has lost her monopoly, and seems in a fair way to lose her preponderance in Eastern affairs to another European nation of sturdier stock. This nation is the Netherlands Republic, or as we generally say, the Dutch. England, too, through the East India Company, is becoming an Eastern power, but as yet ranks considerably after either of the others named.

Now, at the time of which we are speaking, when all ships are sailing ships, and not very fast sailers either, when tinned provisions and distilled water are unknown, and a long voyage means much scurvy and other sickness, a halting place, or half-way house, where the long voyage to the East can be broken, invalids landed, fresh water and fresh provisions

obtained, and minor repairs undertaken, is almost a necessity. Portugal has such a station some way up the East African coast. Indeed the station and adjacent territory is Portuguese to this very day; but, alas! for human pride! the great Eastern trade which it was occupied to foster has long since become a memory. To return: The Dutch refitting station is in the Indian Ocean, where they hold for this purpose the island of Mauritius; that of the English at St. Helena, in the South Atlantic. Thus, though all three nations know of the Cape of Good Hope, in fact all have landed there, none of them have as yet thought of occupying it. On the contrary, they hold it in evil repute, as a bad harbour, a barren, inhospitable land, inhabited by wild beasts, and a few half-starved, equally wild, savages. Even though an English captain had, some years previously, gone through the form of hoisting the British flag there, the place was deemed so worthless that his superiors in London refused to endorse his act.

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT IN TABLE BAY.

This is how it was regarded, when in 1648 a large Dutch ship was wrecked in Table Bay. The ship was wrecked; but the crew were saved, and all the stores, amongst which, it so happened, were a quantity of garden seeds. The season was propitious for planting; and when, six months later, a passing ship took them off, the castaways were able to make their rescuers a most acceptable present of fresh vegetables.

This incident showed the place in such a new light, that, four years later, a small force of Dutch East India Company's employees, under a surgeon named Van Riebeck, were landed to establish a victualling station. From that time, 1652 till 1795, or nearly a century and a half, the Cape of Good Hope was a Dutch possession.

I have used the words Dutch possession advisedly. At first at all events it was certainly not a Dutch colony. Mr. Van

Riebeck and his men were servants of the Dutch East India Company, and their work was solely to hold and defend the place, and raise vegetables for the company's ships; they were no more colonists than British soldiers, quartered in some isolated fort in the Afghan passes, are colonists of Afghanistan. Nevertheless this garrison was, in a way of speaking, the parent of the Dutch colony, as follows: Five years after its establishment, a few (to be exact, nine) of the company's employes were allowed to take a probationary discharge from the service, to set up for themselves as small farmers; the company supplying land, tools, and so on, and promising that if, after trial, they should be successful, their discharges should be confirmed, and their families brought out from Holland free. Thus began, in 1657, the European colonization of South Africa; and if human undertaking was ever built up on the slow and sure, little by little, look-before-you-leap, basis, I think that this Dutch colony may lay claim to the distinction.

The nine original probationers were soon joined by thirty-eight more; but far from all succeeded; in fact the greater number had to be taken back into the garrison. However a small proportion did well; and these in due course received their families, and became independent citizens, or burghers. And so on, year by year, a few trying, still fewer succeeding, each ship from Holland bringing out women and children, and the colony very slowly, but very surely, growing all the time.

BEGINNING OF EUROPEAN IMMIGRATION.

In 1671, that is to say in the fourteenth year of the colony, there arrived from Holland a family of genuine European emigrants; and thenceforward a few arrived each year. The garrison also continued to supply new burghers as before, and as by this time the children of the first settlers were growing up, the colony may be said to be fairly started.

Here we may note that, besides Europeans, there were two other classes of emigrants—that is if those who are deported against their will are emigrants—Malays and negro slaves. The Malays were political prisoners and exiles from the far Eastern Dutch possessions, and their descendants, rather mixed racially, but still Mahomedans by religion, form to-day the race known as Cape Malays. The slaves, like the slaves in the West Indies and the Southern States of America, were negroes brought from the Gulf of Guinea.

With reference to this slavery, all accounts go to show that it was of a very mild type. I do not mean that the slave was not the absolute property of his master; that was of course, in fact is what constitutes a slave; but in South Africa he was always a domestic slave, a house servant or farm labourer, was kindly treated, and often manumitted, and when manumitted was politically the equal of any white man in the colony. I make no apology for this digression, as there are many loose ideas current about Dutch South African slavery, which find expression in the columns of newspapers and elsewhere, and which, at a time like the present, I hold it especially incumbent on anyone who knows the real facts to contradict. The Dutch, and I fear sometimes the English, method of dealing with the natives of the country, is a matter which we shall come to later; but, as regards this earlier slavery question, I repeat that all the evidence I have seen confirms the impression that slavery—then, remember, an almost universal institution—was less oppressive, more humane, in South Africa, than almost anywhere else.

In addition to garrison, burghers, Malays, and slaves, about this time there began to arise in the colony a nondescript black race, manumitted slaves, the remnants of the original tribe of natives, and various other human riff-raff, such as might be expected to be found at a port of call, half-way between Europe and the East. Their descendants are the Cape "boys" of to-day.

THE NATIVES.

As for the natives proper, called Hottentots, they had never been very numerous actually at the Cape, nor had they given much trouble. They seem indeed to have been a small vagabond community, the outcasts probably of their own race, who, without the industry to keep cattle, or the energy to hunt, maintained, before the arrival of the Dutch, a miserable existence on shell-fish. These wretched beach-rangers were however of service as interpreters and intermediaries, between the colonists and the pastoral Hottentots, who lived a little way inland. The latter, though ethnologically akin, were people of a very different stamp to the coast men. Hunters and herdsmen, they lived in organized communities, with properly acknowledged chiefs, with whom treaties and alliances could be made; and they readily entered into trade relations with the Dutch, who looked to them for fresh meat, both for themselves and their ships. Nevertheless troubles arose, which culminated in a war. As a war, it was a comparatively small affair, and soon ended in victory for the Europeans; but indirectly, and as an after effect, this Hottentot war was the cause of a new departure in Dutch South Africa, which, started in the sixteen seventies, has from then on assumed a stronger and stronger hold on the national character, till we see its logical conclusion in the Transvaal of to-day.

THE TREK HABIT.

I allude to the "trek" or nomad habit, with its attendant dislike of settled government, or indeed, if we except the patriarchal, of any control whatsoever. Its inception was as follows:

At the conclusion of the war, the Governor, having successfully chastised and scattered the nearest tribes in their capacity of enemies, wished them to settle down again as peaceful and docile meat purveyors; but the latter were of another way of thinking. Obviously, the colonists

must raise their own cattle. Unfortunately the land in the immediate vicinity of the Cape was not suited to cattle; so, as formerly the garrison had been encouraged to become farmers, inducements, such as free breeding stock, remission of taxes, etc., etc., were now held out to the farmers, to move to the outskirts of the colony, to become cattle breeders. The new departure, like the old, began in a small way; but, whereas the number of farmers increased slowly, the number of cattle-men increased by leaps and bounds.

For one thing, the business commanded great profits, in fact was a monopoly. Then, by this time, there were many native born young men, just at the age when they wished to set up for themselves; these knew the country, were good shots and horsemen, had already taken part in hunting and exploring expeditions, and the free and adventurous side of the new life held for them many attractions. We have something of a parallel in our own Canadian history, when, in the old French days, neither priest nor seigneur, nor Governor, nor Intendant, nor the power of all combined, was able to prevent many of the finest young men leaving the settled districts, to become trappers and *coureurs de bois*; but, whereas these young Canadians went alone, and lived solitary lives, or, if they married married squaws, the young Dutchman, who became a trek Boer, or nomad farmer, always went away a married man, his wife going with him. That his children should in their turn grow up impatient of civilization, lovers of solitude and a roving life, is scarcely to be wondered at. To use an Americanism, but a very expressive one, the trek instinct had come to stay.

We have now seen, in some detail, as was necessary, that we may presently comprehend the problems of to-day, the social foundation of the Cape Dutch. For the rather more than a hundred years, through which the colony continued to develop on the same lines under Netherland rule, we need only glance at a few of the chief events.

First of these we may note a large influx

of population at the time of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Some were French Huguenots, flying from persecution; many more were North Germans and Dutch, thrown out of work in Europe, by the sudden influx of so many skilled artificers into every Protestant country where they could find a refuge.

Partly contemporaneous with this immigration, deserves to be noticed the Governorship of Simon Van der Stel, probably the best Dutch Governor that the Cape ever had. His term of office extended over the period 1679-1699. He it was who, when the French and German settlers arrived, took care so to mingle them with the original Dutch that in one generation these aliens had become perfectly merged into the regular population. To help populate the colony he had agents, who boarded each ship that called, and, ingratiating themselves with the crew and passengers, persuaded many to become settlers. In agriculture, stock raising and commerce, he was equally enthusiastic. By purchase of seeds, and establishment of a Government experimental nursery for European, Indian and native plants; by the importation of breeding stock; in fact, in every way he could, he threw himself heart and soul into working for the colony's welfare. As an explorer, too, he personally led several expeditions into the interior. When, in 1699, he finally retired, instead of returning to Europe, he settled down on a beautiful estate in the colony, and continued to interest himself in his old age, as he had in his prime, in its prosperity. The first three quarters of the eighteenth century, at which we are now arrived, saw in the main a steady growth, punctuated of course by incidents, such as native raids and minor native wars, petitions against unpopular Governors, and so forth; but these were not of serious import.

GREAT BRITAIN CAPTURES THE CAPE.

As the eighteenth century drew to a close so did the connection between Hol-

land and the Cape. How the French Revolution came to involve Holland, and Holland found itself at war with England; how the English took the Cape, almost without a blow being struck, for the Cape garrison had but a very half-hearted loyalty to the new Dutch Republic; how, during the short peace of 1803, England gave it up, and then, on the resumption of hostilities, promptly re-occupied it; these events are important to note, as connected with the history of the world; but left little mark on the progress of South Africa. So we may sum the matter up, by chronicling that in 1814 the British occupation was finally ratified by treaty with Holland. With this date ends the first, and begins the second division of our story.

Truth compels me to say that it begins badly.

THE SLACHTER'S NEK AFFAIR.

A small rebellion—as the rebels numbered no more than fifty, one might almost call it a riot—broke out at a place called Slachter's Nek. How little really dangerous it was, may best be inferred from the fact that it was quickly suppressed, not by British troops, but by the Dutch burghers themselves, who, at the summons of the English Governor, readily turned out as militia. Now, all things considered, and especially the fact that the Cape Dutch bore by birth no allegiance to England whatever, but, on the contrary, had been made British subjects whether they would or no, one would have thought that here was a good opportunity for the exercise of a little politic clemency; and the more so, since, as far as I have been able to discover from various accounts of the affair, the only loss of life had been on the side of the rebels. Instead of this being done, the five ringleaders were hanged, and most of the others suffered various lesser punishments. Some people, speaking hotly, have called it a crime. Crime it was not; for treason is treason, and death is the penalty; but it was a bad blunder. English and Boers since then have killed, and tried to kill, each other in fair fight more

than once, and neither side has borne ill-will; but the Slachter's Nek executions left an aftermath of bitterness, that, as later on we shall see strikingly illustrated, is far from having died out at the present day.

The years passed. As under Dutch, so under British rule, the colony had its ups and downs; but on the whole grew and prospered. Gradually, too, it was being Anglicized; so that, instead of English being spoken, as at first, only in the towns, we begin to hear it in farms and villages. But it was a mistake of the Government, in 1825, to make English the only official language. Had the question been left in abeyance for, say, another twenty years, it would probably have settled itself, especially as Cape Dutch was already becoming a patois. But when the Dutchman found his mother tongue proscribed by law, he then and there determined that nothing should ever make him forsake it. Years afterwards the law was altered; and the English and Dutch languages are to-day on an equal footing at the Cape, as English and French are here with us. And now, for a time, we must leave the colony, and direct our attention to certain events in progress beyond its borders.

THE RISE OF KING CHAKA.

Towards the close of the eighteenth century, before the advent of the British, north of the colony, north of the Hottentot tribes, had been born a native child named Chaka, who, had fate ordained his birth in Europe or America, instead of then unknown South Africa, would probably have out-Napoleoned Napoleon and changed the history of the world. He seems to have been less a man than an awful personification of talent and ambition. The military gifts, generalship, the gift of leadership, the gift of organization, he had them all in the highest degree; personal ambition he was full of; as for mercy, he does not seem to have known the meaning of the word. This was the man, who, while yet little more than a youth, was elected king of the Zulus, the

only really military African nation south of the Equator. But what manner of man he was, and the sort of instrument he had in his army, is best shown by the following story, which figures in a work of fiction, but is also told as true; whether it is really true or not, is not of much moment; the main point is that, from all we know of Chaka, it very well might be true.

The king, so runs the story, was sitting under a tree, attending to matters of state, when word was brought that a white man, a missionary, wished to see him. The audience was granted, and the king opened the conversation by asking his visitor if he was one of the men who went about saying that there was a great fire somewhere underground where wicked people went after death? The missionary replied that he was. "Shall I go there?" asked the king.

"If you do not mend your ways, you certainly will."

Then every one round trembled; but, instead of ordering his visitor out for instant decapitation, King Chaka, after an interval of a few minutes, during which he appeared to be turning something over in his mind, quietly said:

"If I do go there, I shall put the fire out."

Then the missionary smiled and said that would be impossible. But the king said he would soon show him; and, having given an order to a general, soon many hundreds of soldiers appeared and began to cut down trees, piling the timbers into a great stack, on the windward side of which they heaped the branches and brushwood, to which fire being applied, the whole mass was presently a roaring conflagration.

"Now, look at that," he said, "and tell me if your fire is hotter?" And the missionary, not without some wonder as to what was coming, replied that, as to that, he could not say, but certainly the king's fire was very hot.

"Then I will show you how I put it out," said Chaka, and forthwith shouted an order. Immediately, regiment after regiment of Zulu soldiers, who, unseen by the mis-

sionary, had been quietly marshaled near by, came running up at the charge, and, with battle cries and waving spears, dashed unhesitatingly right into the fire. The first regiment went to as certain death as men could go to; but they did not flinch; those that came after perhaps had time to push a blazing log aside, or trample out a heap of brushwood before succumbing, and finally, at the cost of an incredible number of human lives, the great fire was actually scattered and trampled out.

"There!" said the king; "that is how I shall do when I am in your fire; I shall order my regiments to stamp it out."

CHAKA'S WAR OF EXTERMINATION.

Our scope does not allow any attempt at a detailed history of Chaka's exploits; nor is it necessary. When he thought his army as perfect as he could make it, he began to wage war. Not a war of conquest, nor, for the matter of that, against any particular tribe or nation; but a general war of extermination; to use his own expressive phrase, he "wished to eat the peoples up." Cape Colony knew that the natives to the North were all flying and fighting; and, to help those nearest to resist the invasion, which otherwise would have swept down to the sea, sent soldiers and militia. These, with the border tribes, defeated the invaders, and turned the course of the torrent; but it was not the Zulus they defeated, but tribes flying before them; sometimes it was tribes flying from other tribes, the Zulus being only behind the latter. Thus, through all the country, North, South, and West, poured Chaka's armies, they and all before them, fighting, killing, exterminating, a very saturnalia of slaughter. When after many years, the land had rest, it was the rest of sheer exhaustion and blood satiety. And a huge tract of country, comprising all of what is now the Orange Free State, most of the present Transvaal, and much other land, that a few years before had been thickly populated by pastoral tribes, was left absolutely devoid of inhabitants. Skeletons there were, by the hundred thousand, wild beasts,

and wild cattle, that had once been tame; but human beings, if we except a few miserable fugitives, there were none. Note this fact, for it has important bearing on the future history of the colony, to which we must now return.

MISTAKES OF DOWNING STREET.

We left it growing and prospering, and we find it growing and prospering still; but—there is no use disguising the fact—the growth and prosperity are being hewn out by the sturdy colonists, English and Dutch alike, not helped by, but in spite of, some of the most muddle-headed mis-Government, that ever even Downing street brought forth. The native question, the abolition of slavery, the local government question, all were mismanaged as only red tape knows how. As a rule the end in view was good; at any rate it was always conscientiously intended for the best; but the time, the means, the manner of bringing that end about, would seem to have been deliberately chosen, so as to cause, not the least, but the greatest amount of irritation.

Now irritation, especially on the Dutch character, is essentially cumulative in its effects. Whether any amount of official mismanagement, and official nagging, would at this time have been able to produce a Dutch rebellion is a moot point. Probably not. Most of the world, especially of the colonial world, was more or less mis-governed in those days; and most of it did what the English, and more settled Dutch, at the Cape did; that is, stuck to business, and eased their minds by grumbling. In the end, Downing street, by what in mathematics is known as the exhaustive process, in plainer English, by dint of first knocking its head against every administrative stone wall in sight, found the right way, and things smoothed down. Had the up-country Dutch done this in the eighteenth-thirties, it would no doubt have meant that, for a time, they would have had to suffer a good deal of unpleasantness, and some undoubted injustice; but, both rul-

ers and ruled being at bottom practical people, all this would have righted itself in a generation or two; and, out of the ashes of past racial and political misunderstandings, would have sprung a sane, healthy, Anglo-Dutch nationality, a sturdy and worthy member of the great confederacy of nations, which, each free and self-complete, are yet bound, and proud to be bound, by the golden link of the crown, and know themselves members of the mighty British Empire.

THE GREAT TREK.

The discontented Dutch did not make up their minds to put up with things till they should mend, nor did they raise the standard of revolt and compel a settlement that way. Instead, they turned their eyes to the vast country, laid waste by the Zulu wars; then, packing their great ox-wagons, and gathering together their families and servants, their flocks, and their herds, began that great national migration northwards, known to history as the Great Trek of 1836. Henceforward, we shall have to deal, not with one colony only, but with several independent, or semi-independent, European, and quasi-European, settlements, whose varying fortunes, varying relations, and generally conflicting interests, combine to make up the tangle, called modern South African history. The tangle, which we of the British Empire have allowed too long; but now, with God's help, seem fairly decided to tackle, and straighten out at last.

Coming, as we thus do, to an altogether new set of problems; I think that we may consistently consider this as another milestone on our path, and label what follows, the third division of our story.

Before following up the fortunes of the trekkers, it will be time well spent, if we stop to discount in advance an argument, too superficial and obvious not to be common among the enemies of England on the continent, and I am sorry to have seen it repeated more than once in the press of our neighbours to the South. The argu-

ment (?) I speak of, put in its crudest form, is something like this: What terrible tyrants these British must have been, for a whole nation thus to leave their homes, and trek out into the desert, rather than live under their rule! In fact, one can quite understand that, to a foreigner, with no more knowledge of the facts, than can be gathered from the perusal of a few more or less biased newspaper articles, it may seem a quite plausible, not to say logical, deduction. But, under examination by the light of the truth, it will not stand for a moment. To begin with, it seems to presuppose that the Dutch and English colonists received different treatment. Now we in Canada know very well that that is not the way the British Empire is run. Whether it be a case of wise measures, or of foolish; each man gets his equal share; it makes no difference whether he be named Tom Smith, or Piet Van Tromp, or Jean Baptiste Trudeau. Nor, after what I have said above, need I lay stress on the fact that it was not a case of the whole population moving at all. Most of the Dutch cattle farmers trekked; but the wheat and vine growing Dutch near the Cape, and the commercial Dutch in the towns stayed just where they were; so did the English everywhere. Finally, they did not move into a desert, but into some of the fairest land in South Africa. When we remember that these trekkers of 1836 were, most of them, men who had trekked out to the very farms they were leaving (a farm, in the Boer sense, means a vast grazing ground, with a small arable patch for home use; in fact, as we should say, a ranch and a kitchen garden), whose fathers and grandfathers had trekked before, we can understand that it did not need any very grinding tyranny, to set them trekking again to take possession of this great fertile country, so providentially laid open. Had they not done so, they would have been going back on all their instincts, all their traditions.

The trekkers set out; and though we cannot here follow up their wonderful journey, with its adventures, its perils, and its hard-

ships, in detail, I would say to you, that if cause were wanting—though, as we shall presently see, there are other causes, enough to spare—yet, if cause were wanting, why, we should press the present war to a victorious conclusion, it would be found in the fact that many of our adversaries to-day are descendants of the vortrekkers of '36. In truth, their experiences were calculated to daunt the bravest. The Zulus, now under Dingan, successor to Chaka, had no mind that these white men should possess the land, which they had laid waste, and at intervals still patrolled. To these Zulu patrols the two pioneer sections of trekkers fell victims, cut off almost to a soul. Afterwards, when the main body of emigrants, having established a republic in what is now the Orange Free State, (what is soon, we hope, to be the Orange Province of the coming British South African Dominion), were pouring down the Drakensberg passes, to establish another in Natal, an army sallied out from Zululand, took one division by surprise, and massacred more than six hundred in a night. This terrible calamity gave their companions pause; and induced them to turn their steps—not back, oh! dear, no; on the contrary, straight into Zululand; where they fought and beat King Dingan on his own ground. The anniversary of their victory is still a solemn feast with the Boers, under the name of Dingan's day. The Zulus taught their lesson, the emigrant farmers were at leisure to continue their trek into Natal, where they set up their republic in 1840.

From 1840 to 1900 is sixty years, a long period, even in the life of a nation; it means two generations at least; and, in tracing our story through these sixty years, we are going to have to notice a good many things, which we would rather not have to notice, about those who, after all, are fighting us bravely, and soon, please God, will be our fellow subjects. Then let us always remember that, however good cause they may have given us to fight them, when we shall have beaten them, they too will be of us, to make the best of. Well, we may take heart of Grace; the heirs of

Dingan's Day cannot be all bad; their heritage includes a share of the kind of grit that no race need be ashamed of.

THE SHORT-LIVED REPUBLIC OF NATAL.

The Boer Republic of Natal was no sooner established than it found itself at war with England. The cause of the war was something like this: A number of English had for some time been settled unofficially at Durban; and these were now told that they were Boer subjects, and Durban a Boer port. This led to a small, an absurdly small, force being sent from Cape Town to their assistance. One action followed, in which the British lost heavily in a night ambush. In the morning the enemy sent to ask if they would surrender. When I say that the British force was less than two hundred, with no provision for a siege, whereas the Boers were in overwhelming numbers, and had artillery, it may be allowed that the case looked hopeless. Nevertheless the British did not surrender. They threw up entrenchments, killed all their horses, and, since they had no other means of preserving it, cut the meat into strips, which they dried in the sun; and, on this horse "biltong" as it is called, and a little biscuit dust, they stood a siege of twenty-six days, when relief arrived, and the Boers promptly broke camp, and retired northward; most of them passed back across the Drakensberg mountains, then trekked northward again, to found what is now the Transvaal. Natal, after its few months' existence as a Boer Republic, became a British colony.

Here I wish to digress, in order to point out how the consideration of these events may help us to an explanation of a certain very unpleasant episode, which occurred in the earlier stages of the present war. I have said that, when the British appeared in force at Durban, the Boers trekked north; and most of them continued their trek, over the Drakensbergs, and northwards again into the Transvaal. But, to use their own favourite simile, even as the two and a half tribes stopped on the hither

side of Jordan, so did a certain proportion of these fugitive Boers remain on the hither side of the Drakenbergs. They were far enough, so it seemed to them, from the English; the country was good; why should they go on? Thus it came about that Natal, otherwise perhaps the most British part of South Africa, had its northern corner peopled chiefly by Boers—Boers, mind; not Cape Dutch, loyal in most things, but with an underlying sympathy, more or less Platonic, for the two Republics; but bona fide voortrekker families, with all their sympathies with their Transvaal cousins. It was this corner that General White had to abandon, when he concentrated on Ladysmith, and that General Joubert, as soon as the British were gone, had the astounding impertinence to “annex” by proclamation. Quickly as events have been moving lately, you may remember the pain with which we learned that these Natal farmers, not only acquiesced in this wonderful annexation, but were enlisting and making common cause with their conquerors. However, now that you understand who they were, it becomes less incomprehensible.

THE BOER SETTLEMENTS GAINED THEIR INDEPENDENCE.

It was in 1842 that Natal became British, and the Boers went to the Transvaal. In 1854, after various experiments, Great Britain formally recognized the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, or South African Republic, as independent states.

Time being limited; and our main reason for studying our subject, being that thereby we may the better understand the situation of to-day, I think that this end will best be served, if, from this latter date, we pass to the year 1877, and take another general survey then, which we can amplify by retrospective glances when necessary.

CONDITION OF THE COLONIES IN 1877.

As senior, we will begin with Cape Colony; and note with pleasure that growth,

prosperity, and increased vigour of national life constitute once more the salient points in our survey. Numbers of new English and Scotch emigrants have arrived, and are prospering; the Dutch too are contented and loyal; and the Malays, natives and others, are finding their different levels; and all is going well. The greatest change we have to chronicle is that the Cape is now a self-governing colony, with its own Parliament and its own responsible ministry. To say that it is in quite the same case as Canada would not be true; since at the Cape the Governor exercises, and in the nature of things must exercise, a far more active control over the administration than does our Governor-General at Ottawa. A little reflection will show why this is so. In internal politics, take, for instance, the question of the native races; with us it is a mere bagatelle, admirably looked after by a department at Ottawa, that no one ever hears of; but in South Africa, where, besides a large labouring black population, there are actually prolific and warlike negro nations, living under their own chiefs, as nations, yet within, or only just outside, the colony, the native question assumes very different proportions; and, since the honour of the Empire is rightly held to be involved in its proper handling, the Imperial officer, that is to say the Governor, has to insist sometimes that his voice shall be heard, and even shall prevail, on the subject. Similarly with foreign affairs. While ours consist of occasional little family jars with our neighbours to the South, over such momentous questions as bait, canals, customs dues, and so forth; at the Cape, with the two Dutch Republics to the north, Natal to the east, Germany to the West, and, finally, the Cape itself being one of the two strategic keys to the Indian Ocean, foreign affairs are both a very real, and a thoroughly Imperial question.

With regard to representative government in Cape Colony, it may be not uninteresting for us to examine the franchise. It is simple, and is as follows: Every adult male British subject, in possession of prop-

ery to the value of \$375, or in receipt of wages of \$250 a year, and with enough education to be able to sign his name and write his address, has a vote. There is no other distinction made, on the score of race, colour, religion, or anything else. In practice this works out that everyone who is really of any account in the colony has a share in its government; the Malay pedlar or harness-maker (the Malays have many of the smaller handicrafts admost entirely in their hands), the small coloured farmer, and the negro dock labourer, if he is a steady fellow, are politically the equals of the prosperous English, or Dutch, farmer or merchant. The negro who prefers to live a tribal life; in fact, to live as a savage, does not get the vote; but directly he chooses to raise himself enough to acquire the simple qualifications I have enumerated, he can claim, and get it, at once.

We turn next to Natal, which, first colonized, as we may say, by a section of the emigrant Boers in '42, was almost directly taken from them, and has now (in '77) been a British colony for about thirty-five years. And here, too, our record is one of continued, and almost uninterrupted prosperity. Nevertheless, the conditions in Natal vary not a little from those in Cape Colony. With the exception of the northern triangle, where we have already noticed the phenomenon of a practically alien Boer population settled in a British colony, the whites in Natal are almost entirely British. Strange to say, there is also in Natal a very large black population of British subjects, too. I do not mean natives of the country, negroes, renegade Zulus chiefly. Of these there are also many, and very little good they are; but the British black population I am alluding to are emigrants from British India, Hindoos in religion, and for the most part coolies; that is, labourers, by occupation; but in their wake have come, and are still coming, many other Indians of a higher stamp, traders, merchants, and so on. So that Natal presents the somewhat unique spectacle of a beautifully fertile country, growing both temperate and tropical produce, inhabited by prosperous Eng-

lish and Scotch farmers, with Hindoo labourers. In '77 Natal has not the franchise; but since she is soon destined to enjoy it, we will anticipate enough to say that, except the qualifying requirements are somewhat higher, the franchise in Natal is practically the same as in Cape Colony.

ZULULAND AND BASUTOLAND.

Before we pass to the Dutch Republics, we have two native states to consider, Zululand and Basutoland.

Zululand, since Dingan's crushing defeat by the trekkers, has remained quiescent; but of late years, under Cetewayo, Dingan's son, is rapidly regaining its military strength. As yet he has made no sign; but, though they do not, or will not, know it, the inhabitants of the Transvaal, the Zulus' nearest white neighbours, are sleeping on a volcano.

The other native state, Basutoland, comes as a new name to us. It is a compact country, full of mountain fastnesses, and has common frontiers, on the South with Cape Colony, on the East and North with Natal, and on the West with the Orange Free State. So much for its geography. Its inception is really so remarkable, that I think I must give it at some length.

When about 1830, a few years before the great trek, the land lay panting with exhaustion, and shuddering at the fearful wave of slaughter, that had just passed over it; gradually, hesitatingly, tremblingly, here and there, out of holes and caves, from rocky strongholds, from the depths of impenetrable forests, began to crawl forth miserable fugitives, the remnants of the people, that, here and there, had chanced to escape the terror. Here a few women with their babies, sole remnants of their tribe, no one else left alive who could even speak their language; there a dozen children, out gathering fruit, or herding cattle, when the scourge had struck their village, and none but they were left. East and West and North and South, they began to creep timorously

forth, gaunt and famished, trembling at their own shadows, nowhere to go, no hope, their world had fallen. Then, in that mysterious way, in which in savage countries information gets conveyed, a way which Europeans will never really understand, it began to be bruited about, that a petty chief in the mountains West of Natal, was welcoming all fugitives, and forming them into a nation. This petty chief was called Moshesh, and, if his skin was dark, his brain was none the less that of a statesman. Like Chaka he was a genius; but with this difference; Chaka could only destroy, Moshesh knew how to build. For many years, to him as a rallying point, these fragments and dribblets of dead and gone peoples came dropping in; and, as they came, he welcomed all alike; and welded them into the Basuto nation, that still exists. Nor was he only a man of peace; where danger threatened, he knew how to marshal his forces, even as Chaka had done; but, in the main, he only fought in self-defence. Yet, to show the status this negro nation had with its neighbours, it is sufficient to note that, for the first few years of its independent existence, the Orange Free State did not dare elect a president, until they were sure that he was approved of by the Basuto king. But in '77 the Basutos, though still a nation, have placed themselves under British protection. A few white magistrates, and a few hundreds of native police, serve to represent the paramount power; but the policy of the magistrates is rather to guide than govern, and, when possible, they avoid interfering directly between the chiefs and people. Under this regime the Basutos have flourished greatly, and it continues to this day.

THE DUTCH REPUBLICS.

We now turn to the two Dutch Republics, taking first the Orange Free State.

Recognized as independent in 1854, till 1867 the Free State really existed only by sufferance of the Basutos. Then, a successful war having freed them from this—to Europeans—most degrading position, they

were able to devote themselves to consolidating and improving their national life. Now, in '77, reviewing the result of their nine years' labour, we cannot but call it good. Not that they were exactly what we should call a highly civilized state; nevertheless the essentials of civilization were there. Their courts were just, if rough and ready; their policy to immigrants was liberal, English and Scotch, or in fact any European settlers being welcome, and accorded voters' rights, equally with the oldest inhabitant. To natives, it is true, their system was far less liberal than that which we have seen obtaining in Cape Colony and in Natal. In theory, though scarcely in practice, blacks, equally with whites, were entitled to the protection of the law; but, except by special act passed for each individual case, no native, however worthy a citizen he might make himself, could enjoy the franchise. For the rest, the Free State and the Free Staters were making themselves liked and respected; in fact, the general idea at this time was that, as the years went on, a federation of South Africa would take place, with a central parliament, and a British Governor-General, like ours in Canada; and that the Free State would ask to come into it; certainly no one, either at the Cape, or in England, had any design on its independence.

We now come to the Transvaal; and the story is not a pleasant one. In the days of the Great Trek we saw displayed the chief Boer virtues, bravery, and unflinching, dogged determination. Yet, even in those days, the other side of the shield would show at times. Chief among the Boer failings were arrogance, and a kind of low cunning, which oftenest declared itself in distrust or suspicion, even of their own self-appointed officers. At the very battle of Dingan's Day, jealousy among the leaders was within an ace of losing them the victory; and the Government, which they set up during their short tenure of Natal, was quite unworkable from the same cause. No doubt the same failings were present with the Free Staters; but these, from the first, were compelled by their position, at the gates of the Basuto

king, to discipline themselves into a real working state, in fact, as well as in name; later, an influx of more enlightened immigrants probably kept them from losing the ground they had gained. But the Boers who trekked from Natal into the Transvaal, with no external enemy to fear, for they had crushed the Zulus so thoroughly that they held them crushed for ever, situated right away from the current of civilized life, and hence without the restraint either of precept or example, soon began to let their good qualities grow rusty; or, perhaps it would be more correct to say, began to prostitute their good qualities to unworthy ends. Thus, though doggedly determined as ever, the Transvaal farmer's determination, no longer that of a patriot hero, grimly prepared to die for the community, took the form of a surly, boorish—there is no other word—intolerance towards any attempt at interference with what he considered his personal rights. His own magistrates were without authority; as for taxes, he laughed at the idea. In fact in these days the Transvaal was not a state at all, but a collection of independent families, the heads of which ruled as patriarchs; and which had a sort of surface cohesion, in the Volksraad, or Parliament, at Pretoria.

So from '42, when they trekked out of Natal, till '77, the year we are now considering, the Transvaalers continued to isolate themselves more and more, to increase at once in pride and in ignorance, and, fearing no law, to be a law to themselves, more especially as to their dealings with the natives. It is not a pleasant subject, but one must put it bluntly; the Boer of the Transvaal had by this time come to regard the black man as a mere animal. The very laws denied him any rights, either civil or religious; not that these would have been much protection for him had it been otherwise. A native could not contract a legal marriage; nor could he sue for his wages, if his master chose to turn him out of doors without them. That was the position of a native in the Transvaal in '77; nor has it altered for the better since.

We have finished our survey at the date,

1877; from now on our story must run continuously.

THE ANNEXATION OF THE TRANSVAAL.

In 1877 came the rude awakening; the Zulus were a power again, and had begun to invade the country. Some districts are already in their hands; the burghers leave their farms, and fly to Pretoria; the President Mr. Burghers, a quite incapable man, and the members of the Volksraad, can do nothing but wring their hands incompetently. In truth, as far as action by the central Government goes, there is nothing to be done. The State Treasury contains exactly three dollars and two cents, and no one has any confidence in the Executive. In the midst of this exhibition of incompetence, and collapse of Government, arrives at Pretoria Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a British official, sent from Natal to look into matters on behalf of the British Government, who, naturally, do not view the prospect of a huge war in the Transvaal with equanimity. The Zulus overrunning the Transvaal would have meant the Basutos and many other tribes on the war path, all through South Africa. But, let us be clear on one point, it was peacefully that Sir Theophilus Shepstone came, and unattended, except by his personal staff, and a few police orderlies, to tender his good offices. And if ever good offices were needed, it was surely then, when everything was in a state of chaos, and the enemy at the gates. Patiently, yet rapidly, for certes it was no time for dilatoriness, he examined the situation; and decided that the only thing to do was to annex the Transvaal, and make the Boers' quarrel that of the Empire. He did so; the country acquiesced; and the British, a few Boer volunteers co-operating, fought the Zulus and beat them. To-day Zululand, like Basutoland, is a British Protectorate.

I have had occasion to call the Boers of the Transvaal both ignorant and proud. I think you will agree with me, that the

surest way to make an enemy of a man with these qualities, is to do him a service. Why it should be so, I do not know; but that it is so no one with any experience of the world will deny. And it really seems to have been this unreasoning hatred as much as anything, though, no doubt, taxes to pay, and a law that would be administered irrespective of persons, counted, too, that suddenly gave the Transvaalers the idea that they had been cruelly robbed of their independence. If they were, it does not say much for their defence of it; since, though the estimates of Sir Theophilus Shepstone's retinue differ, the largest gives it, at the time he hoisted the British flag, at Pretoria, at about twenty-five native policemen, to which should probably be added about half a dozen A.D.C.'s, secretaries and interpreters. Nor had he any possible reinforcements nearer than Cape Colony.

THE BOER WAR OF INDEPENDENCE.

But the benefit they had received was cause enough; the Boers came out in their commandos; the small, very small, British garrisons were closely invested; and the few troops in South Africa were easily defeated in detail in attempting their relief. This was the time of Majuba. And a doctrinaire Government in England said: "Well, we were ruling them for their good, not ours; there is no need to vindicate the strength of the British Empire to this little out of the way community of farmers; if they do not want us, we will pull down the flag and walk out." So the Transvaal became once again an independent state, and Englishmen, the world over, were ashamed. This was in 1881.

There is no need to doubt Mr. Gladstone's sincerity, to doubt that he really thought he was choosing the magnanimous part, in ordering this surrender. But he should have remembered that, apart from material advantage, there is in this world, especially when we deal with nations, a thing called prestige. For the time being he was the guardian of British prestige; and he failed

in his trust. Still worse, he made England fail in keeping her pledged word, and betray those who had put their faith in her. I refer, both to the thousands of natives, assured in '77 that they were now free men, with rights of their own, in the exercise of which Great Britain would protect them; and that the sun should cease to shine, and the river Vaal flow backwards to its source, ere that protection should fail them in their need; now, four years later, quietly told that there had been some little mistake about it all, and that they were going to be handed over to the Boers again! Also to the many English, who, similarly relying on their Government's word, had settled as traders in Pretoria and other towns.

There are those who blame Sir Theophilus Shepstone for his policy of annexation; but they blame him for not taking a most cold-blooded alternative; that is to say, for not first letting the Zulus bring the Boers to their knees, then annexing. But even high politics may be made a little less cynically brutal than that; and I for one prefer the policy that perhaps put the Boers technically in the right, even with Majuba thrown in.

THE DISCOVERY OF GOLD.

For better or for worse, in 1881, with a few unimportant restrictions, the Transvaal became once more its own master; and shut out from civilization, without resources, without real cohesion, and not wanting it, might have gone on its own way till the end of time, or till some new crisis should arise, like that of '77, but for one circumstance, the discovery of gold at Johannesburg. Men flock to gold as flies to a honey pot; and the Transvaal question assumed a new phase in a flash.

Before Hans or Piet could realize what was happening, a dozen capitalists were round him, bidding against one another for mining rights on his farm. Well, he did not know much about gold mining; but gold in the form of solid cash, to say nothing of the art of bargaining, he understood very well; so he quietly smoked his pipe,

while the and slim called in to the t pickings, friends w capitalist was gene became g with wea became g something Afrikande profess to motion of

It took little lon when the behind. ery, mini required i were soup immigrant ernment with asset the early revenue sounds like the Outla all these nished the of the cou ible way so could the court hopelessly burgher a the same been betv I think is there; consider dren's rig indeed.

TH

But th thing mo this deni an attem

while they ran up the price, and was sly, and slim, and canny, and grasping, and called in all his cousins and other relations, to the tenth degree, to get a share in the pickings; and as Hans and Piet and their friends were grasping and insistent, and the capitalists in a hurry, the end of the deal was generally that Hans' and Piet's farms became gold mines, and Hans and Piet, with wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, became grand masters, or head centres, or something, of the Transvaal branch of the Afrikaner Bond, which, whatever it may profess to be, is really a society for the promotion of Dutch supremacy in South Africa.

It took Hans' and Piet's Government a little longer to grasp the situation; but, when they did, they were not one whit behind. Concession dues, taxes on machinery, mining licenses, taxes on explosives, required in mining; all plans, and all means were sought to tax the pockets of the new immigrants, the Outlanders; and the Government that in '77 had been bankrupt, with assets three dollars and two cents, by the early nineties was reckoning its surplus revenue in millions sterling! And—it sounds like the Middle Ages, but so it was—the Outlanders, the men who were paying all these taxes, were from first to last denied the slightest share in the government of the country. There was actually no feasible way in which a man who wished to do so could become naturalized. Worse still, the courts, never good, were fast becoming hopelessly corrupt; justice, as between a burgher and an outlander was getting to be the same sort of a farce that it had always been between a burgher and a native.

I think, if cause for war were wanted, it is there; for surely, when Britain ceases to consider it her duty to fight for her children's rights, her star will be on the wane indeed.

THE DUTCH CONSPIRACY.

But the truth is that there is still something more behind. These heavy taxes, this denial of representation was not solely an attempt of grasping Dutchmen to go on

enriching themselves at the foreigners' expense. No, the race hatred, bred in the thirties, in the days of the Great Trek, had never really died out. In Cape Colony, and in the Free State, it was practically dead; but the Transvaal had never really lost it; and the events of Majuba year had revived it in all its old intensity. Now, with these great resources, and Paul Kruger, a man of unflinching determination, to wield them, the attempt was to be made to spread the race cry all through South Africa; the Afrikaner Bond was to be the instrument of the cause, the Transvaal its arsenal. Do you doubt this; well, listen and you shall judge for yourselves:

After that maddest of mad ventures, the Jamieson raid; which, by putting it in the wrong, tied the hands of the British Government, and played into those of Mr. Kruger; when the prisoners were at Pretoria, awaiting trial, some Dutchmen went down to Slachter's Nek, and bought the beam on which the five Dutch rebels had been hung there eighty years before; and brought it to the Transvaal Capital, with the grim comment that it was ready for the English rebels now.

That is the real question for which we fight to-day, British or Dutch supremacy in South Africa. Sooner or later it had to come to this issue; let us thank God that, now that it comes, it finds those in authority alive to its importance; and that the whole Empire, to quote Lord Rosebery, has set its teeth, and declared, "Come what may, we are going to see this thing through!"

Is our cause just? What need to ask Canadians that, when it was a Canadian voice (a voice, alas! now silent) that proclaimed the British Empire the greatest power for good that the world has ever seen. Another voice, we call it the silver tongued (and, rouge or bleu, we are all proud of it), not so very long since, said at Ottawa. "The Roman Empire was founded on violence, and by violence fell; the British Empire rests on justice and freedom for all." Then is the greatest power for good to lose its influence, to fall to pieces of its own weakness; is justice and

freedom for all to give place to tyranny, and to putting our own British sons under the heel of an ignorant, an arrogant, a brutal oppressor? If not, this war is right.

And now one word about our foreign critics, the gentlemen on the continent, who go delirious at the news of each British check; and rave of the collapse of the brutal pirate Empire. Do they know, I sometimes wonder, that all through the war, the British have not only fought the Boers; but have kept in check the Zulus and Basutos, who—well, who do not love the Boers; and who ask no better than to be allowed to go in and help settle the business in their own way? God forbid that

we should allow them to. But I wonder how many of our critics would exercise the same restraint?

In conclusion: Just now we spoke of Rome. Some of you may have read of the great Roman tyrant, who expressed a wish that all Rome had but one neck, that he might smite it at one blow. Naturally he got no farther than wishing. We seemingly have progressed since then; since at Windsor there lives a lady, who, not only wishes to, but has actually accomplished the task of giving half the world one heart, which beats in unison with hers. With such a mistress, served by soldiers such as ours, and with a righteous cause, we need have no fear for the result!

er
ne

of
he
sh
he
ly
nd-
ees
ask
ich
n a
nd
no
.